A QUEER SUNDAY DREAM.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

He slept, and dreamt that the kangaroo
Had given a fancy ball;
The elephant came with the festive gnu,
The mouse with the ostrich tail.
A funny giraffe, that did nothing not laugh,
Dropped in with a centipede;
And a cricket and flea that had just been to tea
Waltzed round with remarkable speed.

A wasp and a bumble bee had a chat
Just over his little nose;
And a boa constrictor, upon the mat,
Dressed up in his Sunday clothes.
A crow and raccoon, in a fire balloon,
Paused over his bed to sing;
And a nest armadillo crept up on his pillow
To dance the Highland fling.

Then all, ere they left, made a graceful bow,
And out in the moonlight sped;
Excepting a ponderous brindle cow,
Which stopped to stand on its head.
The little boy woke, and grinned at the joke:
Sprang out of his bed with a lilt;
"I can dream it all over," said he, "while they cover
Me up with this crazy quilt!"

—Independent.

A LONDON HOLIDAY.

It was not a pleasant thing to be locked out on that cold November night when the rain was coming down in torrents. Pleasant or not, Joseph Norton, Esq., only son of Rev. J. Norton, rector of a place with an outlandish name in North Wales, was staring up at the outside of the lodging house not far from Convent Garden, with the knowledge that, although he carried the latch-key in his pocket, and was sober enough to properly insert that latch-key, he was locked out. He had been to one of the theaters, and had stepped on the way back to have a bit of supper, and so was about five minutes too late. His respectable landlady always told her young gentlemen that unless they gave notice before hand the house would be locked and bolted up at 12. Joe Norton turned away from the door, heartily wishing himself home in the quiet rectory, and thinking it an unlucky day on which he resolved to spend a fortnight in London, when he noticed a man just opposite him, leaning against a lamp post with his hands in his pockets.

"Hallos, sir, can't you get in?"

"No, I can't," answered Joe; "and what is that to you?"

"Oh, nothing if you like, only I can show you where to have a couple of hours' amusement, instead of walking about in the wet. I'm a waiter, sir, and my time to begin work is about 1 o'clock, so if you'll stand a drink for the address, I'll take you straight there. You can't get in without some one introduces you, unless the governor knows you, and I guess he don't."

Joe was perfectly certain the governor did not. The barsain was struck, and very lucky Joe thought himself. At 1 sharp they entered a dull, respectable-looking street in which to all appearances every house was closed and every inhabitant asleep. The ordinary kitchen door was opened by a pretty maidservant; who silently admitted them and opened the door of what appeared to be a good-sized cupboard. Stepping inside, Joe found himself in a brilliantly-lighted room with about eighteen men, mostly in evening dress, playing cards. He knew as much about gambling or cards as a bear knows about dancing before it is taught. He noticed all the various types of the genus gambler, and ordered a cigar and a glass of sherry, as he was evidently expected to do something, and that was about the least he could do to stay there at all. No, thought he, they shall not tempt me to try to play. So he watched. Presently the green baize door which formed the cup-board on the other side was opened, and a man came in—a haggard looki g man, tall and gentlemanly, but with a fearful look of despair on his face as he walked across to where Joe was standing.

"Have you been playing to-night, sir?" asked the stranger.

"No, I never play."

"Then don't begin to-night, lad."

"See that man there? He is the proprietor. Just look at his face as he handles the money. See how the gold flashes through his fingers. Look!"

Joe was heartily wishing himself outside, even in the pouring wet, and was wondering how to get there. The man frightened him with his wild, disjointed talking; so he pulled out his purse to pay for what he had had. Quick as thought, before he had time to move, the purse was gone, and the man had disappeared. Luckily he had some loose money, and so calling his friendly waiter to him he informed him of what had occurred.

"No use to make a fuss, sir. I'll tell old Bullseye and he'll let you go."

Giving him an address as to where to come for his promised fee, Joe was cautiously let out into the kitchen, where he discovered the maidservant, who, with a tired look, was sitting with her hands in her lap. She started up as he entered.

Joe soon explained, told of his loss, and described the man who had robbed him.

"I know him, poor fellow," she said. "I know where he lives."

"Then," said Joe, "I shall be greatly obliged if you will give me his address, and I will set the police on the rascal in the morning."

"Will you? Would you like all the world to read in the newspapers as to where you lost your money?"

That was quite a new way of looking at it. It would hardly do for the rector of that quiet, secluded Welsh village to read in the weekly papers a vivid description of a gambling saloon, in which his son was robbed. Meantime the girl had put on a dark bonnet and cloak, and had filled a basket full of eatables.

"Now, sir, come with me and I will show you where he is, and, if I am not mistaken in your face, I do not think you will be hard on him. Come."

She took his hand and led him up the dark area steps. No one was about, and shortly afterward they got into the Westminster bridge road. After the girl had examined two or three doors, she turned the handle of one and went in, beckoning Joe to follow her up the close, dark, wooden staircase, lighted by the help of one of Joe's matches.

"Listen," she said when they got to the top.

They were standing by an open door. Joe listened and heard the voice of the man who had stolen his purse.

"Kate, dear, see here is money—gold, gold, gold! A kind gentleman gave it to me, and now they can't turn us out to-morrow, and you can have food and wine, dear, and then you will get better, my darling."

"God bless him," said a sweet, sad voice.

"That's what I told him, dear," said the man again.

"Look," said the girl, and Joe did look.

There, close to the bed, knelt a man, trying hard to keep back his sobs, holding a woman's hand in his; and the woman who lay on that tumble down bed was stroking his brown hair and trying to comfort him by saying she would soon be better.

"Will you hurt him now?" whispered the girl. "Tell me."

The truth was Joe could hardly speak. He had a lump in his throat and was rather filmy about the eyes, but he shook his head and drew his companion farther from the door.

"I had better not go in," he said, "he might say something before her that might frighten her about that, you know."

The young girl by his side caught his hand and kissed it. This did not by any means improve Joe's equanimity.

"I will go and tell him a friend wants to speak to him. May I say a friend?"

Joe vigorously nodded his head. The man came out soon. The landing on which they stood was only lighted by the reflection of the candle in the room.

"I guessed it was you, sir. Don't tell her to-night, that's all. It will kill her when she does know it. I never meant to take it, sir. I went to see if I could get some money from her father. It was so hard to see her starve in this wretched hole, and now it will be worse than ever."

There in the dim light which made darkness visible, Joe held out his hand. The man looked at it and then into Joe's face. Then he broke down. The reaction was too much and the man sobbed aloud. His wife heard it and raised herself.

"Lucy," she said, "what is that; more trouble?"

"No, no; only joy, and here is the gentleman—that money, you know."

"God bless you, sir," she said.

Lucy was going to stay there, and announced her intention of never returning to her father. "He will have to get some one else to be his servant-maid now. I only got your message this morning. I will stay with you, and get some work, and we'll see if William can't get some, and you will get well, and we shall all be as happy as possible." And the little woman bustled about, and found some sticks, and Joe found some more matches, and they got a bit of fire somehow, and before Joe left he thought that his night's adventure had not turned out so badly as might have been expected.

* * * * * * *

Lucy Manvers' sister Kate had been married about five years ago to a poor young artist, who had every wish and will to succeed in his profession, and, with a young man's buoyancy, made up his mind that he was certain to do so. Mr. Manvers had forbidden the wedding altogether, and solemnly told his daughter he would never see her again should she marry William Taylor. She did so, however; but with little money and no introduction, it was not easy for her husband to get on; and by degrees he went down in the world till he got about as low as he possibly could get. He had on the evening on which Joe met him gone into the gambling room in the hope of getting a little help from Mr. Manvers, who, at one time, had great hopes of his two daughters making good marriages. They were then one of the principal attractions of the saloon, and when his eldest girl married against his will he said that, were she starving, he would never help her. And he kept his word for once in his life faithfully. Lucy would only stay with her father after her sister left on condition that he never asked her to enter the saloon again; so, as he could trust her better than any one else, it was her duty in the evening to keep guard over the kitchen and cupboard entrances.

* * * * *

Joe went home next day, having had quite enough of London, and made a full confession. He also discovered suddenly a want of pictures in his fathers' neighbors' houses, and spoke of a certain artist whom he thought might be induced to come and paint a few of their magnificent views around there. Joe's father did exactly what Joe expected. He sent up £20, to be repaid by degrees, and found a little furnished cottage for the London artist and his wife, and a sister-in-law. And somehow Mrs. Norton took a violent fancy to Lucy, who looked about ten years younger than when Joe saw her first. And after a bit she grew so charming that Joe thought somebody else among the mountains might want her if he did not look after her himself. So one morning there was a quiet little wedding in the pretty little church, and Lucy Manvers was made Mrs. J. Norton, Jr., and to make everything better Mrs. Taylor soon grew almost well, and her husband, with hard work and encouragement, soon found himself one of the most rising artists, and so altogether Joe never regretted taking a "London Holiday."

Men's "Right" to Land.

[Hon. Auberon Herbert in the Pall Mall Gazette.]

Mr. George claims that the land should be taken forcibly and without compensation, because all men have a right in it. A right is to me personally the most sacred thing that exists, that which binds us all in our relations to each other, and must be absolutely respected. But what kind of a thing is this which Mr. George christens a right? A right from its supreme importance must at least be clearly defined. It can not take a score of different shapes, while nobody, not even Mr. George himself can tell us which shape is the true one. If all Englishmen have a right to the 38,000,000 acres of England, have I a right to, say, my acre and a half as being in myself, say, the one-twenty-sixth millionth part of the population of England, or have I a one-twenty-sixth millionth right to occupy and use the 38,000,000 acres? If I have the right to a separate acre and a half there must be something in the right to tell me where the acre is to be found. Is it in the parish where I live or in the parish where I was born; or, as nationalities disappear, will it be in the larger world outside my country? Is it an acre of rock or an acre of the best grass land? Since yesterday some hundreds of persons were born in England. Have my rights contracted since their birth? have I lost so many fractions of my acre since these newcomers have arrived, and gained so many more since others gave up their share in this world by going out of it? Clearly, if nature has given me this right, she will necessarily answer these questions and solve my difficulties. Am I to believe that she confers rights which can not be stated in precise terms? which vary according to the place in which a man is born, which vary according to population, which admit of a crowd of different schemes being grafted on them, without power on the part of any one to say which is the true and genuine scheme?

Carrot Entree.—Scrape ten small carrots and put in a sauce-pan with three ounces of butter. Let them simmer gently; when they have cooked for fifteen minutes add some salt and pepper, a small onion and a teaspoonful of parsley chopped fine. When the carrots are tender drain the butter from them and serve hot. Serve with roast beef.

MISS CLEVELAND'S LECTURE.

Dividing the Human Race into the Boosters and the Boosted.

The Evangelist of June 28, 1883, contained the following report of a lecture by Miss Cleveland, the present mistress of the White House: "The great address of the commencement at Elmira Female College was that before the alumnæ by Miss Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of Governor Cleveland. This was so good that we give your readers a full abstract. She somewhat resembles Anna Dickinson in looks, but her delivery was very effective. Her subject was 'Altruistic Faith,' and for her illustration of this she took Chedidja, the first wife of Mohammed, who was rich, a widow, and much older than he when she married him. When asked why he did not in later years put her away and take a younger wife, he replied that he loved her best because she believed in him when all men despised him. This was the fervent effectual faith of one soul in another. It was her faith that wrought out Mohammed. There is faith in God, in self, in humanity. The first produces the others. Give this full growth and the others will have full sweep. Our creed should be enlarged to add to 'I believe in God, the Father,' I believe in myself, or in you. This threefold faith should be taught.

Faith in others is faith in humanity, first in the abstract and second in the concrete. The first is that general altitude of mind which is hopeful and expectant of humanity. It looks to a goal of final good. It is not pessimistic. It believes that life is worth living infinitely, and infinitely worth saving. But it must not stop with the abstract. Life is laid out in definite door yards. A whole milky way of generalities may not give a rushlight to any human being. It must touch humanity in the individual it for good. It must look into alms houses and asylums and prisons and the darkness of the cities' night.

The faith which believes in another does not require negatively, first, that its professor be a female, yet it is oftener found in a woman than in a man. Men believe in themselves, and are occupied with themselves. Second, this is not inseparable from the bonds of matrimony. But she would have a woman moderately married. She need not be a buttonhole bouquet to a man, nor be dead in love with him. They may have faith in each other. Third, it is not hero worship; it will serve but not worship. It believes that he can be and do one thing. This was illustrated by Mrs. Carlyle. Chedidja believed in Mohammed. Affirmatively, this faith is that faculty of mind, by which one discriminates what I am good for and best for. It sees that this, and no other, is your way. It discerns the ordinary and the extraordinary in you. It divines you; it appreciates you. Whence this faith? It is the gift of God. Chedidja is a Theodora. Miss Cleveland did not believe in self-made men.

There is at least one Chedidja in every life. Your own faith will at times need the support of another. This will be when all men despise you and you despise yourself. You will have much hunger and thirst, and will crave wealth and health and affection, but your keenest craving will be for recognition to do something, to be somebody, to accomplish something, to do a good piece of work, to do your best. It may be at housekeeping, or dressmaking, or in literature, or in art. It is in you, and it ought to come out. You all have human testimony to this. Some one will say to you: "Go on and you will conquer." You may listen to and obey that voice. She despised self-sufficingness. You can get along alone, but you have no right to get along; you were born to show not how little but how much you can do. We want more life and fuller, and need all the help we can get. Men would fail but for Chedidjas. She would make a new classification of mankind, and divide them into boosters and boosted. The boosters are the important and do the most good. It may be well to boost a man, but better to boost a woman. Be Chedidjas, and do the thing next to you, and by your faith assist others. Altruistic faith is most reasonable.

This abstract will give but a faint idea of the thoughtful and practical character of the address.

Creswell's Reminiscences of Grant.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—Hon. A. J. Creswell, who was Grant's Postmaster General for five years, in conversation yesterday, recalled some interesting incidents which came within his observation while a member of the Cabinet. "General Grant's great characteristic," said Mr. Creswell, "was his sublime and unflinching courage. It was of that kind that no impression could be made upon it by opposition. He discharged his duties always without selfishness, never stopping to consider how an action would affect him personally. All he wanted to know was: 'What is just? What is right?' I remember an instance of this kind. At the time, we had a postal treaty with Japan which gave us almost entire control of the Japanese postal service. When their relations grew more intimate with us, and with other nations, they desired to have charge of their own service and took steps in that direction. After the Japanese Minister had talked with me about a treaty to that effect, I went to Grant and laid the matter before him. I found that he had but one idea, to do what was right and just toward Japan. I pointed out to him that if he should sign such a treaty we would be surrendering our control of the Japanese service and would be subjected to severe criticisms, especially on the Pacific coast. 'But isn't it right?' was his reply; 'can there be any doubt about it?' I told him I only wanted to advise him of the consequences. He was satisfied that the treaty was just and he signed it.

"I remember the time when he refused to sign the bill, which appeared to be a defection from the course we had determined upon, for the resumption of specie payments. There was an immense pressure brought to bear on Grant to sign the bill. Republicans of prominence urged it, thinking the bill would prove a satisfactory half-way measure. I think Grant's personal inclination was to sign it. Secretary Fish and myself were the only ones in the Cabinet who opposed its approval. At the Cabinet meeting, when it was considered, Grant drew from his desk a paper and read it. It was a message to Congress, returning the bill without his signature. He said: 'I regret very much that you should feel it your duty to pursue such a course.' 'That isn't my view of the matter,' he replied; 'I wanted to do what was best and to test myself, so I wrote all I could in behalf of the bill, but it doesn't satisfy me.' And he refused to sign it. If he had signed, it would have caused us unlimited trouble.

"Grant never lost his head. When we came so near being engaged in a war with Spain, on account of the Virginius affair, there was a good deal of excitement at the Cabinet meeting, and a war with Spain was imminent. Grant knew what war meant, and by his coolness and sound judgment prevented it. He was assisted in this by the Spanish representative in this country, who was a naval officer. He, too, knew what fighting meant, and these two really prevented a war.

"In circumstances where most men would be apt to lose their heads, on the field of battle, for instance," continued Mr. Creswell, "Grant's mind seemed all the stronger and clearer. Rawlins told me once that in the confusion of the battlefield Grant's orders were more explicit and clearer than when everything was quiet. He never seemed to get confused. I asked Grant once if, when giving orders for an engagement, he was not appalled by the great loss of life which would ensue. He replied: 'No; it was war. But I realized what it meant. I never gave such orders until I was satisfied it was the best course to pursue, and then I was willing to shoulder the responsibility.' He added that many men failed as commanders simply because of an unwillingness to assume the responsibility. He spoke of two men who wear fearless in this respect—Sherman and Sheridan. The latter, in particular, he thought, was possessed with ample courage to do what seemed best, and be responsible for the outcome. It was not rashness and heedlessness, but fearlessness, and assuming responsibility for results.

"How was General Grant as a letter writer?" was aked.

"He wrote with great facility," replied Mr. Cresswell. "His style, like his character, was the embodiment of directness. He used few metaphors and little ornamentation, and ner two words where one would do, preferring Saxon words to Latin or French. He never hesitated for a word, and always went right to the point. He wrote all his own papers, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary, and his messages were framed and written by him."

"How was he as a talker?"

"Those who thought Grant couldn't talk made a mistake," was the reply; "when he becam intimate with one he would talk as much as any companion should. I have heard him do nearly all the talking for an hour or more. He was a good talker, but slow, sometimes hesitating for a word, something he never did in writing.

"He either had implicit confidence in a man or he had none. He was quick to form an estimate of a man, and if his suspicions were once aroused his firm jaw would shut like a trap and he would remain cold and silent, and by his appearance would chill a speaker, no matter how earnest he might be. He was always modest and unassuming, never presented himself as a hero of any occasion, and never introduced military subjects in conversation.

"He had a very quick eye, and it was surprising to me how he could take in the whole topography at a glance. I remember once, while he was visiting me at my farm, I took him a long drive around the country. I took a by-road, intending to strike the main road, but missed my way. Finally I laughingly confessed it. 'Where did you want to go?' he asked. 'I wanted to strike a road which would take me to the village, which lies in that direction.' He stood up in the buggy and, looking over the surrounding country, said: 'If you will let down the fence here, drive over this field and through that gate up yonder, I think you'll strike the road you want on that ridge.' 'Why do you think so?' I asked. 'Well, you say the village is in that direction (pointing). Up there I see quite a settlement. The people who live there will have a way to reach the village, and they couldn't find a better way than along that ridge.' I did as he advised, and found the road just where he said I would. I expressed surprise at his accuracy, and he replied: 'It has been part of my business to find roads. A good soldier should be able, by seeing a portion of the country, to form a good judgment of what the rest is.'

"Now about Grant's third-term project," continued Mr. Creswell; "he didn't desire to be President a third term for any glory or reputation, but his sole object was to reconcile the North and South, and I think he would have done it thoroughly. The solid South would have been a thing of the past."

Miss Cleveland's Idea of Moderate Matrimony.

[New York Sun.]

And yet, while accepting Khadijah as a pattern of what a wife should be, Miss Cleveland warned wives against being too much wrapped up in their lords, though she expressed no objection to the disparity in the ages of Mohammed and the rich widow of Mecca. She "would have a woman moderately married," she said; "not a button-hole bouquet to a man, nor dead in love with him." Exactly what she meant by this rather peculiar view of a wife's feelings and relations to her husband we can not make out, but she seemed to imply that the wife should be a calm and fair critic of her husband, honoring him only for what seemed to her deserving of honor, and carefully maintaining her own poise—the rule of the head rather than the rule of the heart. She would not have the man a hero to the woman, for she did not believe in hero worship, and said that altruistic faith did not involve that, but was only the "faculty of the mind by which one discriminates what I am good for and best for." "It divines you, it appreciates you," she added. That is, this faculty, if we rightly understand Miss Cleveland, measures you exactly as you are, and helps you to go on in the way it discerns to be fittest for you, and allows itself to be distracted by no illusions of mere sentiment.

That is a view of the proper attitude for a wife which is by no means attractive. It dispenses with the tender emotions and sentiments that make romance and throw a poetic glow over a conjugal union which love brought about, and of which love is the lasting support. It transforms, so it seems to us, a marriage into a partnership, each member of which coolly weighs and estimates the other, discerns the ordinary and the extraordinary, and, without idealization, gives only so much respect and honor as are deemed requisite. It allows no full surrender of the feelings, but demands that the woman shall be only "moderately married," and cautions her not to be "dead in love" with her husband, lest her faculty for discriminating as to his merits and abilities should be clouded and rendered partial.

The Field Pea.

[Country Gentleman.]

The field pea, if sound, will sprout almost anywhere that it can obtain a little soil and moisture. It does well on the roughest ground, and hence is an admirable crop to plant first on a piece of new land, to fit for hoed crops.

A larger yield per acre is obtained when planted in rows, like beans, and given one or two plowings, and, if you choose, one weeding with the hoe. The rows may be from two and a half to three feet apart, hills twenty to twenty-four inches, with six to eight peas in a hill. A half bushel will plant an acre.

In Virginia we may grow two crops a year on the same land, but generally only one is raised. This we plant in June or July; between corn, say middle of June, but sowed alone, first part of June. Broadcast in the corn-field (as is often done), it is sowed at the last working of the corn, say middle of July.

The pea will mature in ninety days, and I should think one crop a year could be grown almost anywhere in the United States. It will doubtless mature in Nebraska, unless the nights in June, July, August and first half of September are too cold. If the night temperature is not too low for successful corn growing, C. H. can grow the field-pea.

A Word to Sheep Owners.

[Rural New Yorker.]

These are momentous days to the sheep-keeper and he ill understands his business who does not prepare his ewes for successful parturition, unless indeed, he has been wise enough to have so kept them all winter. There are a few flocks kept by average farmers, which do not suffer an annual loss of one-tenth, or more, of the lambs, and too often, of many of the mothers as well, and this mostly because the ewes are too thin to produce a strong lamb, or to afford sufficient milk for his sustenance. This course is not only subversive of all profit from the flock, but it is an inhuman treatment of the sheep. The sheep should have been so fed all winter as to have maintained their autumnal condition, but if they have not, they should at once receive extra care. They should now receive a daily allowance of corn and bran or oil meal, and a few roots of some kind. A few potatoes, if no other succulent food is accessible, are worth more than a dollar per bushel, to be fed to the ewes for a month before yeanling time. They loosen the bowels, cool the system, start a flow of milk and prevent any tendency to feverishness. Humanity, thrift, and a clear conscience demand that good care be now taken of the sheep.

It takes three days of good food to make up for one of bad food.

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